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#### THE THEATERS. To-Day's Schedule.

ENGLISH'S-"Florodora," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. GRAND-Vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. PARK-"The Bandit King," 2 and 8 p. m. EMPIRE-Burlesque, 2 and 8 p. m.

"Florodora" at English's.

Familiar and tuneful "Florodora" came back to town last night for a short stay at English's and entertained an audience of good proportions. It is safe to say that to at least two-thirds of the spectators present the musical gems of this delightful operatic comedy appealed as old friends, while the remaining third was not unacquainted with most of the melodies which have been played in drawing rooms all over the city and whistled on the streets during the last two years. The good old stand-by received quite a warm welcome. Nearly all of the catchy numbers were encored, while the "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" song-the very whistling of which nowadays makes the offender the recipient of suspicious glances-was demanded over and over again, and the audience finally ceased showing its approval with seeming reluctance. It is wonderful how that much-abused sextet music sticks fast to popularity. It has stood the wear and tear of constant rendition by four "Florodora" road companies; it has been played continuously-and ofttimes diabolically-by vaudeville "musical artists," who have beaten out its melody on sleighbells, tin cans and anything else that could be made to produce a supposedly musical sound; it has even been rendered as a solo on a trombone (the worst thing that could possibly happen to it), and still it lives to call forth four or five encores from an enraptured audience!

If the music of "Florodora" was familiar last night the people in the cast were not. But then one has grown accustomed to seeing different Gilfains and different Lady Holyroods and different Doloreses and different pretty maidens every time the show Florodora" is essentially a showmakes its appearance here in Indianapolis. Local theatergoers have about come to the conclusion that Messrs. Fisher and Ryley, the managers of the production, pursue the same policy as that of King Shehriyar in "The Arabian Nights." It will be remembered that the king took unto himself a be investigated by the authorities. It is said that good old Robert Graham is still playing Glifain in the original company, which leads one to suspect that Graham may be in the conspiracy himself, as

The present interpreters of the piece at English's cannot be said to form a noteworthy organization, although most of the principals in the cast give fairly satisfactory performances of the roles allotted The fact that several of the leading singers are suffering with colds naturally has much to do with the weakness of prese; tation from a vocal standpoint. The honors are divided among Anna Boyd as Lady Holyrood, J. A. Wallerstedt as Frank Abercoed and Budd Ross in the comedy part of Tweedlepunch. The first two sing their roles in good style, especially Mr. Wallerstedt, whose voice is of excellent baritone quality, and Mr. Ross makes the most of rather poor opportunities. It takes a pretty good comedian to get any fun at all out of this typically English idea of what a funny stage character should be, and Mr. Ross deserves credit for keeping Tweedlepunch from being wholly stupid. Miss Boyd makes quite a favorable impression in her part, although her enunciation is not always clear in her musical numbers. Karl Stahl, as Gilfain, acts his part well, but sings it miserably. However, as his voice was apparently in poor condition from hoarseness it is hardly fair to judge his vocal work from last night's performance. M. J. Smith, who takes the role of Capt. Arthur Donegal, has a pleasing voice, and is a graceful dancer, but he rattles through his lines as if it were his one desire to have them delivered as quickly as possible, regardless of effect. The Spanish girl, Dolores, appears in a new guise with this company. The character was originally in-tended to be a spirited one, and has al-ways been impersonated heretofore by singers like Helen Redmond, dark-haired and with full rich voices. Miss Louise Moore, a pronounced blonde, is playing the part with this company. She possesses a small, sweet voice, which is as much out of keeping with the character as her personal appearance. She is not at all a success in a role of this sort. Miss Lillian Spencer appears as Angela and fails to get as much out of the part as she might, her solo in the second act. "The Fellow Who Might"-a dainty little gem that always used to be good for three or four encores-being given a colorless rendition that falls rather flat. The "Six Pretty Maldens and Their Six Faithful Clerks" are comely young women and handsome young men, and their share of the entertainment is praiseworthy. The piece is staged in a liberal manner and the chorus is up to all requirements. "Florodora" will be repeated at the matinee this afternoon and will have its final perform-

### ance here this evening. Theatrical Notes.

Liebler & Co. have announced their programme for the spring production of "Romeo and Juliet," and probably never before was such an array of distinguished players promised for the presentation of this love tragedy-in America, at least, Local theatergoers will be all the more interested when they learn that the com-

during the last week in April, the first performance to take place in Albany, N. Y., and the company will visit Toledo, Colum-bus, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee and several Eastern cities before going into New York for a short summer run at one of the leading Broadway theaters. Kyrle Bellew will ap-pear as Romeo, Eleanor Robson as Juliet, Eben Plympton as Mercutio, W. H. Thomp-son as Friar Laurence, John E. Kellerd as Tybal, Edwin Arden as Paris, Forrest Robinson as Benvolio, George Clarke as Capulet, W. J. Ferguson as Peter, F. C. Bangs as Montague, Edmund Breese as Escalus, Miss Ada Swyer as Lady Capulet and Mrs. W. G. Jones as the nurse. It was hoped at first that Clara Morris would play the nurse, but the veteran had to give up the part on account of continued ill

Thomas W. Ryley, of the managerial firm of Fisher & Ryley, owners of the several "Florodora" companies, including the one now playing at English's, will sail Ryley will endeavor to see all the musical comedies that are now running in England and on the continent, and hopes to purchase outright the one he fancies will stand the best chance of "making good" in

It was at the request of Paul Heyse that his play, "Mary of Magdala," was brought to the attention of Mrs. Fiske. When the presentation of the drama in English was under consideration Heyes expressed to his representative in this country that it should be submitted to Mrs. Fiske first, whom of all American actresses he believed best qualified to interpret the part of the Mag-dalen as he had drawn it. Heyse has followed Mrs. Fiske's production of the play with great interest. When he received the news of its success the venerable German dramatist sent the American actress a large portrait of himself inscribed thus: "To Mrs. Fiske, my first Mary of Magdala on the English stage, with sincerest congratulations and best wishes of Paul Heyse." Mrs. Fiske thinks a great deal of that photograph.

Meridian street.

Meridian street.

Meridian street.

Meridian street.

Meridian street.

Miss. E. C. Atkins, who attended the Mardian of that photograph.

Visiting in Covington, La., has returned home, and on account of illness has post-

play in this city at English's next Friday and Saturday nights and at Saturday's matinee, will receive its first New York production a week from next Monday night at the Herald-square Theater. There is a good deal of interest when it is witnessed n New York-a setting which probably does more than all others to establish the does more than all others to establish the Mr. and Mrs. Luhring were at the Hotel atmosphere of the stage in the period of English, and have made many friends in George II. This setting is a perfect repro-duction of the greenroom of the Theater at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Ernst H. Bur-Royal, Covent Garden, the playhouse in ford. Later Mrs. Luhring will return to which Peg Woffington won her first Lon- Indianapolis for a visit. don success and which is utilized even to this day during the grand opera season. The last act of "Pretty Peggy" transpires in this apartment, where the young favorite has gathered the wits and the beauties of the capital to dine with her after a performance of one of her plays. The greenroom has long since ceased to be a factor in theatrical architecture, but in the "palmy days" when gatherings such as that which takes place in the new play were of nightly occurrence it was considered as important as any portion of the building. With its vanishing has disappeared much of the cordiality, hospitality and "bon cameradie" which once characterized the playhouse. There are no more greenrooms in America; those still partitioned off in old theaters are now used for storing properties or for the dressing of England maintains a few in decaying places of amusement, but they are not frequented as of yore, and meetings in them have lost significance.

The role which Mrs. Langtry plays in "The Crossways," the new piece in which she will be seen to-morrow night at English's, is a sort of up-to-date, smart-set Lady Teazle, who has married a duke much older than herself. She pretends to be deeply interested in a younger man, who turns out to be a scoundrel, and is saved from real folly and also from serious difficulties with her husband by a combination of pretty sentiment and fraternal scruples. The story is said to be a very interesting one, charmingly told, and Mrs. Langtry, in presenting the character of that doubted and doubting wife, is said to show herself more convincingly than ever before to be a feeling and accomplished actress. "The Crossways" is understood to be an impressive production, aside from the great disof beautiful gowns by Mrs. Langtry and other women of the cast. From present indications there will be a fine audience present at English's to-morrow night.

The advance sale for the Elks' Minstrels will begin to-morrow morning at English's box office. The show will take place next Monday and Tuesday nights, and it promises to be one of the best the Elks have

The Empire had the biggest Tuesday matinee of the season yesterday. The entertainment that is being given by the Robie Burlesquers this week is the best, taken as a whole, seen at the Empire in some time. There is a pretty good olio of specialties and several of the musical numbers in the two burlesques are sung in

Adelaide Herrmann, the conjurer, on the current vaudeville bill at the Grand, is even more clever in sleight-of-hand work with billiard balls than her nephew, Leon Herrmann, who was seen at English's about six weeks ago. The billiard ball trick is conceded to be the hardest one to accomplish in a magician's repertoire. Even those the "sleight" are mystified in watching bride one day and quietly got rid of her the | Madame Hermann's graceful hands while | five years. and in plain view of the audience making them vanish one at a time until there is nothing at all in the hands this woman her contemporaries. She has learned her art in a good school. The Grand's programme is well worth seeing this week. There is not a dull act in the entertain-

"The Bandit King" is playing to large audiences at the Park, and is more than fulfilling all promises made for it in advance. The old border drama is being put on the stage this season in more elaborate style than ever before, and the company selected by Manager James Wallick is the best one that has ever appeared in the piece. The play appeals to the lovers of ultra-sensational in melodrama, and when viewed in this manner it is entitled to the best ever seen on the stage, rivaling the similar scene in Jacob Litt's play, "The Suburban." The play will be presented at the matinee and evening performances today, and beginning with the matinee to-morrow afternoon "The Cattle King" will take its place. "The Cattle King" is considered by Manager Wallick the better play

Manager Ziegler has secured as a special lenten attraction at the Grand Opera House for Sunday afternoon and evening, March 22. Harry Elssworth Feicht, who will give his entertaining lecture, "The Passion Play." It will be given with twenty-three colored slides, many new, with appropriate orchestra and vocal music, and chimes effects. It was heard here last season to crowded houses and made a fine impression.

## PERSONAL AND SOCIETY.

Mrs. George E. Hunt will go to Cincinnati Mrs. L. C. Cline has returned from a trip of several weeks to Florida. Mrs. George Brecount, of Cincinnati, arrived yesterday to be the guest of Mrs.

Miss Mary Pierson, who visited Miss Susan Pursell, returned to her home in Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stevenson and daughter Edna left last night for a two weeks'

trip to New York. Mr. and Mrs. William Johnston have taken possession of their home on North Pennsylvania street. Mrs. Elliett Durand will arrive Friday from Chicago to visit her daughter, Mrs. Don Price Hawkins.

Mrs. Stillwell and Mrs. O. P. Morton, of Anderson, will arrive to-day to visit Miss Voss for a short time. Mr. James Nelson and Mr. Bert Stewart have returned to Logansport, after a short visit with Mr. Lynn Rogers.

Mrs. Harry Scott, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Garstang, has re-turned to her home in Angola. Mrs. William G. Comly returned last

night from a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Davis C. Buntin, in St. Louis. pany will appear in Indianapolis the even-ing of May 6. The production will be made | Mrs. J. M. Shaw, will leave Sun-

day for Philadelphia, where she will visit until the latter part of the month, when she will sail for home

Miss Ellie McConnell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is spending several weeks with Mrs. Thomas S. Hacker in Woodruff Place. Mrs. George Marchand, of Monticello, Mo., has arrived to be the guest of her sis-ter, Mrs. Frank Wood, for several weeks. Mrs. Silas T. Bowen and daughter, Mrs. Corinne Woolfolk, of Buffalo, N. Y., are spending a short time with friends in the

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Kimball left yesterday for Chicago, where they will visit for a short time before going to their home in

Mrs. Charles B. Cooper will leave early next month for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Hall, in Ashevi'le, Mrs. Frank M. Talbot, of North Illinois street, will return this week from Peru, where she has been visiting Miss Loh-

Miss Mabel Norris entertained a few friends at cards last night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Tibbott, who were recently

Miss Helen Greene, who has been Miss Martha Carey's visitor for several weeks, will return to her home in Cleveland the latter part of the week. Miss Augusta Jameson will return Friday from a visit with Miss Mary Brush in Chicago. Miss Eunice Jameson will remain in

Chicago for some time longer. Mrs. W. A. Woods, of New York, is here to spend ten days at the Denison. She will sail for Europe with her daughter, Miss Alice Woods, early in May. Mrs. Hazzard, of Louisville, will arrive Friday to visit Mrs. L. J. Hackney. Mrs.

Hackney will entertain Saturday for her visitor and for Mrs. Overstreet. Representative and Mrs. Jesse Overstreet

"Pretty Peggy," which Grace George will | poned her contemplated trip to California. The fortnightly entertainment at the Woodruff Club next Friday evening will be in the form of a dance, which will be in charge of Mrs. Carroll E. Swain, Mrs. Frederick Keller, Mrs. Frederick B. Whitlock, Mrs. Thomas S. Hacker and Mrs. Walter

> Representative and Mrs. Luhring, of Evansville, will leave for home to-day at noon. Throughout the session of the Legislature

The marriage of Miss Evangeline Johnson and Mr. Hiram W. Beshore, of Marion, will be solemnized at noon to-day at the home of the bride's cousin, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Buchanan. The ceremony will be pronounced by the Rev. George L. Mackintosh in the presence of the family and a few friends. The bride will be attended by two little flower girls, Dorothy and Mary Buchanan. Mr. Beshore will take his bride South on a wedding journey, after which they will reside in Marion. Friends who will arrrive to-day for the ceremony are Miss Georgianna Sweetser, Mrs. Inman, Miss Edna Westerman, Miss May Servis, Mr. Griffith Dean, Mr. Ross Johnson, of Marion; Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hadley, of Danville. Miss Julia Harrison Moore was the host-

ess for a pretty high tea yesterday afternoon at her home on North Pennsylvania street, entertaining the members of the Sophia Smith Association, which is composed of the Smith College graduates. The round table at which the guests were seated bore a low center decoration of white sweet peas, surrounded by smilax and Roman hyacinths. The appointments and flowers were all in white, following the colors of the college. Later in the afternoon tea was served in the drawing room. Miss Moore's guests included Mrs. Booth Tarkington, Mrs. James Floyd, Mrs. Francis O. Dorsey, Miss Mary Sayles, Miss Ruth Wilson, Miss Mary Wilson, Miss Ella Vonnegut, Miss Katherine Ayres, Miss Anna Spann, Miss Annie Fraser and Miss

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Gladden observed the fiftleth anniversary of their wedding yesterday with a family reunion and a large reception last night at their home on Park avenue. Their home was beautifully decorated for the occasion with a profusion of palms and vines and spring flowers, and the guests received dainty golden ribbon souvenirs. A large number of friends called in the evening, and an orchestra played during the receiving hours. Mr. and Mrs. Gladden were the recipients of many handsome gifts. Sixteen members of the family were present, including the three sons from out of town-Mr. E. Gladden, of Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. O. W. Gladever presented at their annual benefit per- den, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and Mr. Oscar Gladden, of St. Louis, Mo. A group of friends assisted in the hospitalities of the evening. They were Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Lash, Rev. and Mrs. Hiram B. Kellogg, Dr. Rawls, Mr. and Mrs. Mathias Garber. Miss Jessie Reynolds and Mr. L. H. Gage of Cincinnati. Mr. and Mrs. Gladden are members of the Central-avenue M. E. Church, and have lived in this city since their marriage, with the exception of nine

#### years spent in Hendricks county. Will Move to Larger Quarters.

The Hollenbeck Press, the publishing plant of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, will erect a modern building in which to install a large publishing house as soon as a suitable site can be secured. The Hollenbeck Press, under different names, has occupied the building at the southeast corner of Monument place and Meridian street for thirtywho understand the method of performing five years, and its change is compelled by the great increase in business in the past

next. One never sees the same people twice in a "Florodora" show. What becomes of them all, anyway? This thing | these slippery spheres between the fingers | Company, but has not been equipped with of the work on the books. The binding has been done in the East, but when the new conjurer is just a little better than any of | plant is installed in the proposed new building all of the work will be done in Indianapolis. The change in the location of the industry will carry with it an increased number of employes as well as new presses and other equipment.

## HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS.

By MAY MANTON. Fancy waists with yokes and berthas are exceedingly becoming to young girls and make a notable feature of the latest styles. The very pretty one shown is made of louisine silk, in rose color, with yoke, bertha, collar and cuffs of cream Venetian lace and bands of rose-colored cloth stitched first prize. The race-track scene is one of | with corticelli silk. The fronts close in-



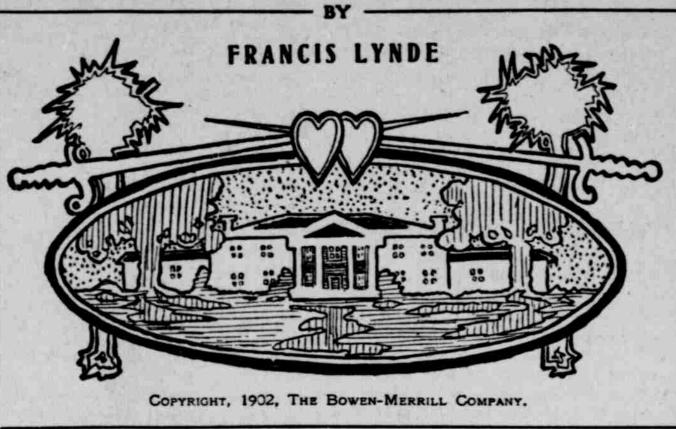
tons. All silk and wool waisting materials and the finer cotton and linen fabrics are, however, appropriate.

The waist is made over a fitted lining that closes at the center front and which is faced to form the back of the yoke. On this lining are arranged the tucked back and fronts and the front portion of the yoke, which closes invisibly at the left shoulder. The bertha is cut in two circular portions and arranged over the waist on indicated lines. The sleeves are the fashonable ones that are tucked to the elbows and form soft puffs below.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is 3% yards 21 inches wide, 314 yards 27 inches wide or 1% yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of allover lace for yoke, bertha, collar and cuffs. The waist pattern 4368 is cut in sizes for girls of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

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# THE MASTER OF APPLEBY



CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH I WHET MY FATHER'S SWORD. The summer day was all but spent when Richard Jennifer, riding express, brought me Captain Falconnet's challenge.

'Twas a dayfall to be marked with a white stone, even in our Carolina calendar. The sun, reaching down to the mountainhave taken the Lynn B. Millikan home at 2015 North Meridian street, and Mr. and Mrs. Millikan have removed to 1603 North air with the glory of its departing, and the higher leaf plumes of the great maples before my cabin door wrought lustrous patthe figurings of some rich old tapestries I had once seen in my field marshal's castle in the Mark of Moravia.

plashed over the stones on its way to the near-by Catawba, and its peaceful brawl- the son of the outlawed Roger Ireton and ing and the evensong of a pair of clear- this same Gilbert Stair firmly lodged in my throated warblers poised on the topmost twigs of one of the trees should have been sweet music in the ears of a returned exile. But on that matchless bride's month evenand bird songs I was in little humor for re-

The road made for the river lower down and followed its windings up the valley, but Jennifer came by the Indian trace through the forest. I can see him now as he rode beneath the maples, bending to the saddle horn where the branches hung lowest, a pretty figure of a handsome young provincial clad in fashions three years behind those I had seen in London the winter last past. He rode gentlemanwise, in small clothes of rough gray woolen and aright. Then he clipt my hand and wrung with stout leggings over his hose; but he wore his cocked hat atilt like a trooper's, and the sword on his thigh was a good service blade and no mere hilt and scabbard for show such as our courtier macaronis were just then beginning to affect.

Now, I had known this handsome youngster when he was but a little lad; had taught him how to bend the Indian bow and loose the reed-shaft arrow in those happier days before the tyrant Governor Tryon turned hangman and the battle of the Great Alamance had left me fatherless. Moreover, I had drunk a cup of wine with him at the Mecklenburg Arms no longer | He stopped in some embarrassment, and I ago than yesterweek-this to a renewal of our early friendship. Hence I must needs be somewhat taken aback when he drew rein at my door-stone, doffed his hat with a sweeping bow worthy a courtier of the great Louis and said after the best manner of Sir Charles Grandison:

"I have the honor of addressing Capt. John Ireton, sometime of his Majesty's flercest little Tory in the two Carolinas, Royal Scots Blues and late of her Apostolic Majesty's Twenty-ninth Regiment of Hus-

It was but an euphuism of the time, this formal preamble, declaring that his errand had to do with the preliminaries of a pricould scarce restrain a smile. For these upcroppings of courtier etiquette have ever seemed to march but mincingly with the free stride of our western backwoods. None the less, you are to suppose that I made shift to match his bow in some fashion and to say, "At your service, sir."

Whereupon he bowed again, clapped hat to head and tendered me a sealed packet. "From Sir Francis Falconnet, knight bachelor of Beaumaris, volunteer captain in his Majesty's German Legion." he announced with stern dignity.

Having no second to refer him to I broke the seal of the cartel myself. Since my enemy had seen fit to come thus far on the way to his end in some gentlemanly manner it was not for me to find difficulties was overjoyed to be thus assured that he would fight me fair; that he would not mine seem less the thing it is." beast at bay. For certainly I should have killed him in any event; so much I had promised my poor Dick Coverdale on that dismal November morning when he had choked out his life in my arms, the victim of his sword. So, as I say, I was nothing loath, and yet I would not seem too eager. "I might say that I have no unsettled quarrel with Captain Falconnet," I demurred when I had read the challenge. "He spoke slightingly of a lady and I did

"Your answer, Captain Ireton!" quoth my youngster, curtly. "I am not empowered to give or take in the matter of ac-

"Not so fast, if you please," I rejoined.
"I have no wish to disappoint your principal or his master, the devil. Let it be tomorrow morning at sunrise in the oak grove which was once my father's wood field, each man with his own blade. And I give you fair warning, Master Jennifer, I shall kill your bullyragging captain of light horse as I would a vermin of any

At this Jennifer flung himself from his saddle with a great laugh. "If you can," he qualified. "But enough of these 'by your leave, sirs.' I am near famished and as dry as King David's bottle in the smoke. Will you give me bite and sup before I mount and ride again? 'Tis a long gallop back to town on an empty stomach and with a gullet as dry as Mr. Gilbert Stair's wit. Here was my fresh-hearted Dick Jennifer back again all in a breath, and I made haste to shout for Darius and for Thomas

to take his horse, and otherwise to bestir myself to do the honors of my poor forest fastness as well as I might. Luckily, my haphazard larder was not quite empty, and there were presently a bit of cold deer's meat and some cakes of maize bread baked in the ashes to set before the guest. Also there was a cup of sweet wine, home pressed from the berries of the Indian scuppernong, to wash them down. And afterward, though the evening was no more than mountain breeze cool. we had a handful of fire on the hearth for

the cheer of it while we smoked our reedstemmed pipes. It was over the pipes that Jennifer unburdened himself of the gossip of the day in "Have you heard the newest? But I know you haven't, since the post riders came

only this morning. The war has shifted

from the North in good earnest at last and we are like to have a taste of the harry-ings the Jerseymen have had since '76. My Lord Cornwallis is come as far as Cam- | me to mind my own affairs?" den, they say, and Colonel Tarleton has "So? Then Mr. Rutherford is like to have his work cut out for him, I take it." Jennifer eyed me curiously. "Grif Ruth-erford is a stout Indian fighter; no west Carolinian will gainsay that. But he is never the man to match Cornwallis. We'll

have help from the North. "De Kalb?" I suggested Again the curious eyeshot. "Nay, John Ireton, you need not fear me, though I am just now this redcoat captain's next friend.
You know more about Baron De Kalb's
doings than anybody else in Mecklenburg."
"I? What should I know?" "You know a deal-or else the gossips lie

most recklessly." "They do lie if they connect me with the Baron De Kalb or with any other of the patriot side. What are they saying?" "That you come straight from the baron's camp in Virginia—to see what you can see." "A spy, eh? 'Tis cut out of whole cloth, Dick, my lad. I've never took the oath on either side.

He looked vastly disappointed. "But you will, Jack? Surely you have not to think twice in such a cause?" "As between King and Congress, you mean? 'Tis no quarrel of mine."

"Now, God save us, John Ireton!" he burst out in a fine fervor of youthful enterns in gilded green upon a zenith back-ground of turqueise shot with crimson, like thusiasm that made him all the handsom-er. "I had never thought to hear your father's son say the like!" I shrugged.

"And why not, pray? The King's minion, Tryon, hanged my father and gave his estate to his minion's minion, Gilbert Stair. Beyond the maples a brook tinkled and So, in spite of your declarations and your confiscations and your laws against alien landholders, I come back to find myself still father's seat."

Jennifer shrugged in his turn.
"Gilbert Stair-for sweet Madge's sake I'm loath to say it-Gilbert Stair blows hot or cold as the wind sets fair or stormy. And I will say this for him, no other Tryon ing of dainty sunset arabesques and brook legatee of them all has steered so fine a years. How he trims so skillfully no man knows. A short month since he had Gen. Rutherford and Colonel Sumter as guests at Appleby Hundred; now it is Sir Francis Falconnet and the British light-horse officers who are honored. But let him rest: the cause of independence is bigger than any man, or any man's private quarrel, friend John; and I had hoped—"

I laid a hand on his knee. "Spare yourself, Dick. My business in Queensborough was to learn how best I might reach Mr. Rutherford's rendezvous. For a moment he sat, pipe in air, staring at me as if to make sure that he had heard it, babbling out some boyish brava that I

made haste to put an end to. "Softly, my lad," I said; "'tis no great thing the Congress will gain by my adhesion. But you, Richard; how comes it that I find you taking your ease at Jennifer House and hobnobbing with his Majesty's officers when the cause you love is still in such desperate straits? He blushed like a girl at that, and for a little space only puffed the harder at his

"I did go out with the Minute Men in '76, if you must know, and smelt powder at Moore's Creek. When my time was done I would have 'listed again; but just at that my father died and the Jennifer acres were like to go to the dogs, lacking oversight. So I came home and-and-'

thought to help him on. "Nay, out with it, Dick. If I am not thy father. I am near old enough to stand in his 'Twas more than husbandry that rusted the sword in its scabbard, I'll be

"You are right, Jack; 'twas both more and less," he confessed, shamefacedly. "'Twas this same Margery Stair. As I have said, her father blows hot or cold as the wind sets, but not she. She is the bar none. When I had got Jennifer in order and began to talk of 'listing again, she flew into a pretty rage and stamped her foot and all but swore that Dick Jennifer in buff and blue should never look upon her face again with her good will." I had a glimpse of Jennifer the lover as he

spoke, and the sight went somewhat on the vate quarrel between gentlemen. Yet I way toward casting out the devil of sullen rage that had possessed me since first I had set returning foot in this my native homeland. 'Twas a life lacking naught of hardness, but much of human mellowing, that lay behind the home-coming; and my one sweet friend in all that barren life was dead. What wonder, then, if I set this frank-faced Richard in the other Richard's stead, wishing him all the happiness that poor Dick Coverdale had missed? I needed little: would need still less, I thought, before the war should end; and through this love-match my lost estate would come at length to Richard Jennifer. It was a meliorating thought, and while it held I could be less revengeful "Dost love her, Dick?" I asked.

"Aye, and have ever since she was in pinafores, and I a hobbledehoy in Master Wytheby's school. "So long? I thought Mr. Stair was later comer in Mecklenburg.' "He came eight years ago, as one of Tyron's underlings. Madge was even then among the formalities. In good truth I motherless, the same little willful prat-apace she has ever been. I would you knew her, Jack. 'Twould make this shiftiness of

it harder than I meant. "'Tis just that, Jack; and I am fair ashamed. While the fighting kept to the North it did not grind so keen; but now, with the redcoats at our doors, and the first of this man's treachery and at the last | Tories sacking and burning in every settlement, 'tis enough to flay an honest man alive. God-a-mercy, Jack! I'll go; I've got to go, or die of shame!" He sat silent after that, and as there seemed nothing that a curst old campaigner could say at such a pass, I bore him

> By and by he harked back to the matter of his errand, making some apology for his coming to me as the baronet's second. "'Twas none of my free offering, you may be sure." he added. "But it so happened that Captain Falconnet once did me a like turn. I had chanced to run afoul of that captain of Hessian pigs, Lauswoulter, at cards, and Falconnet stood my friendthough now I bethink me, he did seem overanxious that one or the other of us should be killed." "As how?" I inquired.

"When Lauswoulter slipped and I might have spitted him, and didn't, Falconnet was for having us make the duel a outrance. But that's beside the mark. Having served me then, he makes the point that I shall serve him now.' "'Tis a common couretsy, and you could not well refuse. I love you none the less for paying your debts; even to such a villain as this volunteer captain. "True, 'tis a debt, as you say: but I like

little enough the manner of its paying. How came you to quarrel with him, Jack? Now even so blunt a soldier as I have ever been may have some prickings of delicacy where the truth might breed gossip-gossip about a tale which I had said should die with Richard Coverdale and be buried in his grave. So I evaded the question, clumsily enough, as has ever been my hap in fencing with words. "The cause was not wanting. If any ask, you may say he trod upon my foot in pass-Jennifer laughed.

"And for that you struck him? Heavens. man! you hold your life carelessly. Do you happen to know that this volunteer captain of light-horse is accounted the best blade in the troop?" "Who should know that better thanwas fairly on the brink of betraying the true cause of quarrel, but drew rein in

time. "I care not if he were the best in the army. I have crossed steel before-and with a good swordsman now and then." "Anan?" said Jennifer, as one who makes no doubt. And then: "But this toe-pinching story is but a dry crust to offer a friend. You spoke of a lady; who was she? Or was that only another way of telling

"Oh, as to that; the lady was real enough, and Falconnet did grossly asperse her. But I know not who she is, nor aught about her, save that she is sweet and fair and good to look upon."

"And you say you do not know her? Let me see her through your eyes and mayhap can name her for you. "That I cannot. Mr. Peale's best skill would be none too great for the painting of any picture that should do her justice. But she is small, with the airs and graces of a lady of the quality; also, she has witching eyes, and hair that has the glint of summer

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## OZOMULSION IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

sunshine in it. Also, she sits a horse as if bred to the saddle.' To my amazement Jennifer leaped up with an oath and flung his pipe into the "Curse him!" he cried. "And he dared

lay a foul tongue to her, you say? Tell me what he said! I have a good right to I shook my head. "Nay, Richard; I may not repeat it to you, since you are the man's second. Truly, there is more than this at the back of our quarrel; but of itself it was enough, and more than enough, inasmuch as the lady had just done him the honor to recognize him.' "His words-his very words, Jack, if you

'No; the quarrel is mine.' "By God! it is not yours!" he stormed raging back and forth before the fire. What is Margery Stair to you, Jack Ire-I smiled, beginning now to see some peep ole in this millstone of mystery. "Margery Stair? She is no more than a name to me, I do assure you; the daughter

ove me!"

Appleby Hundred.' "But you are going to fight for her!" he retorted. "Am I? I pledge you my word I did not know it. But in any case I should fight Sir Francis Falconnet; aye, and do my best to I believe, backed by surly rancor or conkill him, too. Sit you down and fill an- scious irreverence.

of the man who sits in my father's seat at

other pipe. Whatever the quarrel, it is mine "Mayhap; but it is mine, too," he broke in, angrily: "At all events, I'll see this king's volunteer well hanged before I second him in such a cause." "That as you choose. But you are bound

in honor, are you not?" "No." He filled a fresh pipe, lighted it with a coal from the hearth, and puffed away in silence for a time. When he spoke again it was not as Falconnet's next out of sight in the green and gold twilight friend.

"What you have told me puts a new face on the matter, Jack. Sir Francis may find him another second where he can. If he has aught to say, I shall tell him plain he lied to me about the quarrel, as he did. brackets over the chimney-piece, and set Now who is there to see fair play on your myself to fine its edge and point with a bit Now who is there to see fair play on your side, John Ireton?" At the question an overwhelming sense of my own sorry case grappled me. Fifteen years before, I had left Appleby Hundred and my native province as well befriended

as the son of Roger Ireton was sure to be. And now-He swore again at that; and here, lest I should draw my loyal Richard as he was not, let me say, once for all, that his oaths

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were but the outgushings of a warm and impulsive heart, rarely bitter, and never, as "That you shall not, Jack," he asserted, stoutly. "I must be a-gallop now to tell this king's captain to look elsewhere for his next friend; but to-morrow morning I'll meet you in the road between this and the Stair outlands, and we'll fare on to-

After this he would brook no more delay; and when Tomas had fetched his horse I saw him mount and ride away under the low-hanging maples—watched him fairly of the great forest before turning back to my lonely hearth and its somber reminders. I stirred the dying embers, throwing on a pine knot for better light. Then I took down my father's sword from its deer-horn of Scotch whinstone. It was a good blade; a true old Andrea Ferara got in battle in the seventeenth century by one of the Nottingham Iretons. I whetted it well and carefully. It was not that I feared my enemy's strength of wrist or tricks of fence; but fighting had been my trade, and he is but a poor crafts-

man who looks not well to see that his tools are in order against their time of using. LTo Be Continued\_1